



Jesus Forgive Me, I Am A Thot

Produced by JPEGMAFIA

Vocals by JPEGMAFIA

Written by JPEGMAFIA

Arrangement by JPEGMAFIA

All Instruments played by JPEGMAFIA

Mixed by JPEGMAFIA

Mastered by JPEGMAFIA

—

Pray

Pray you get in comfy your disguise

Pray for my thots on the other side

Pray for my children I can't provide

I'll feel 45

Pray when You shoot it's a homicide

Pray for my haters they terrified

Nigga come kill me I'm verified

But I'm still alive

Yea still alive

Pray that I end up like Charlize Theron

I'm so confused I ain't hard to find

I push u pussies beyond the pine

Hope u get some shine

Hope u get some shine

It come out the pocketbook everytime

Feel like when I'm shooting shifting time

Dressed in your gran mamas

hand me downs

Pussy nigga

Sucka im prominent

I was anonymous *

I been in front you everytime

This ain't a bridge

It's a collared crime

I put my soul into every bar

Into every verse

into every rhyme

I can't feel my face oh god
Smh
No asmr
Show me where the prophets go
Show me how to keep my pussy closed
She said
U better count your blessings
Foreaaaaaaaal
AMEN!

Pray
Pray for my babies they doing time
Pray that these crackers don't columbine
I just pray that I peak before my decline
Make em hit recline
You know my shooter a proper dime
Clarity
Niggas these bullets get entered in clips go into the kimber that hit ya spine
Britney this a sign
Pray you grow healthy and hit your prime
Ooo I should pray for a Better line
But I don't wanna make all my peers resign
2035 I'll be 45
They say the church leave us all behind
Speaking in tounges like I'm David Byrne
Bitch I turn a threat to a Nvmd
Nvmd

Pray
For all of these niggas be lying and fronting for company
Bitch I'm a diva no punk in me
Fuck u want from me I'll put u under me nigga

I put your soul in a struggle bar

I can't feel my face oh god
Smh
No asmr
Show me where the prophets go
Show me how to keep my pussy closed

She said
U better count your blessings
Foreaaaaaaaaal
AMEN!

Praise the motherfucking lord

Kenan Vs Kel

Produced by JPEGMAFIA
Vocals by JPEGMAFIA
Written by JPEGMAFIA
Arrangement by JPEGMAFIA
Piano by JPEGMAFIA
Keyboard by JPEGMAFIA
Bass by JPEGMAFIA
Mixed by JPEGMAFIA
Mastered by JPEGMAFIA

—

[kenan]

Man I really really wish I was illuminati
Niggas waiting on the peg like I'm dropping yahndi
Too black too strong, im a little thotty
But fuck a big speech
Cuz when I'm rolling
I'm dressing up like I'm prince peach
And if you sending them Mario's to defend me
U better make sure they break all the Grammys
kill all the winners losers and nominees

Off probation
Crackers hating
Accusations
Only on occasions
I don't want relations
Had some thotty phases
Strip home invasion
Fuck with me man
Y'all better miss me
Cuz if you rolling
I'm stoning niggas like rich Keith
And when I'm whipping you niggas it's not slavery
I'm on a mission to slaughter the completion
And leave them slumped on the downbeat
Bitch work

Or how we gonna make this bullshit work ?

How we gonna make this work?

How can I make a good beat?

I get nervous when niggas want features

I get nervous

I don't know this

I don't know this

[kel]

Bitch I came back with jak and Dax off the shelf

Shopping my target

Im wishing you well

I don't think prayer can help

This feel like kenan & kel

These niggas broke like a dell

Nigga tell

Niggas melt

I'ma shoot

You don't sell

I don't think prayers or poems or nothing can help

Beta Male Strategies

Produced by JPEGMAFIA

Vocals by JPEGMAFIA

Written by JPEGMAFIA

Arrangement by JPEGMAFIA

All Instruments played by JPEGMAFIA

Mixed by JPEGMAFIA

Mastered by JPEGMAFIA

—

Aint no details aint no conversation

Ain't no money in rap

Ain't no real money in rap

It's all retail

Niggas be talking shit

I tell em pull up bitch

..cease to exist

Don't get exposed Nigga

Keep code nigga

Only in it for the cash I'm a gold digger

Shitpost nigga

When I die my tombstones twitter

Ain't no details

Ain't no conservation

Ain't no real money in rap

It's all retail

Its all outrage

Y'all put this pussy in a prime position

Yung Peggy I'm a false prophet

Bringing white folks this new religion

my fans need new addictions

Niggas be talking shit

I tell em pull up bitch

...cease to exist

Don't get exposed Nigga

Keep code nigga
Only in it for the cash ima gold digger

Say what u said on twitter right now
Exactly
You only brave with a board and mouse
You wasn't talking when I put u in the ground
Don't leave the house
Don't get capped by a nigga in a motherfucking gown

Fawk

[guitar]

These niggas fragile
...Rap been so good to me
I hope it get me canceled
Y'all hope that ill be dead soon
Oo bitch i must be scaring you
I packed the fixer
in case you bitches
want a scandal
I came
GLOCK with the dick
Y'all be typin it
But y'all ain't gonna do shit
NEver in your pussy ass life

[guitar]

Fawk

JPEGMAFIA TYPE BEAT

Produced by JPEGMAFIA

Vocals by JPEGMAFIA

Written by JPEGMAFIA

Arrangement by JPEGMAFIA

Drumming by JPEGMAFIA

Mixed by JPEGMAFIA

Mastered by JPEGMAFIA

Grimy Waifu

Produced by JPEGMAFIA

Vocals by JPEGMAFIA

Written by JPEGMAFIA

Guitar by JPEGMAFIA

Drum Programming by JPEGMAFIA

Keyboards by JPEGMAFIA

Flute by Buzzy Lee

Mixed by JPEGMAFIA

Mastered by JPEGMAFIA

—

These bullets coming at you
Take these bullets for me that's my Grimy Waifu
Hot
They keep on dumping the tool
Take those bullets for me that's my oh
Whoa

These bullets coming at you
Take these bullets for me that's my Grimy Waifu
Hot
They steady dumping the tool
Take those bullets for me that's my

I ain't got no Birken bags
Fucking with me you gon' get
The price or tap
Music biz don't give no pat on the backs
Stack it up 3x
Pack it up 3x
Grown
Live at the days inn
My appetite Make me natiuous
They thinking tinder with the topic
So I'm catious
I take the wins out with the losses
You see me gripping with gossip
Now I'm eating dinner with bosses

I hit the vape because it's needed
I fall sleep like temperdic
Gotta light gotta light gotta light
I'll be there
They kill my niggas for no reason

These bullets coming at you
Take these bullets for me that's my Grimy Waifu
Hot
I keep the peach in my juul
Take those bullets for me that's my grimy Waifu

PTSD

Produced by JPEGMAFIA

Vocals by JPEGMAFIA

Written by JPEGMAFIA

Arrangement by JPEGMAFIA

All Instruments played by JPEGMAFIA

Mixed by JPEGMAFIA

Mastered by JPEGMAFIA

—

Young slut from the bottom of the east coast

Keep the blicky and the money In the mattress

Bulldog a nigga like trish stratus

Don't stop

the semi spitting like don't flop

No shots

Get the picture

or

You and your niggas both cropped

Pistol whip em and put this pussy in a headlock

I hate when niggas

talk shit they scared to get hit

Where in the world was your Niggas when you dropped

don't stop

Lethal weapon I hit this nigga with the dead stock

Shit looking like splinter cell

Special ops

Cops!

All that bullshit

And when I hit you Nigga

don't be calling no cops

Not one bar no clips no drops

Ill Nigga y'all niggas wan' get infected

If i don't call you nigga

You should get the message

Stop crying

Make something people impressed with

Don't how that feels
Young Peggy no deal
Y'all deal look something like brexit
Biting crackers and why you anorexic
If you can't say it my face I don't Respect it
All black
Niggas scheming like uncle fester
You got a show
but you showing up in a stretcher
Think deep hit bong
apply pressure

Rap Grow Old & Die x No Child Left Behind

"Rap Grow Old & Die" Produced by JPEGMAFIA & Vegyn

"No Child Left Behind" Produced by JPEGMAFIA

Vocals by JPEGMAFIA

Additional Vocals by Vegyn

Written by JPEGMAFIA

Arrangement by JPEGMAFIA

Drumming by JPEGMAFIA

Piano by Vegyn

Guitar by Vegyn

Bass by JPEGMAFIA

Mixed by JPEGMAFIA

Mastered by JPEGMAFIA

—

[rap grow old die]

It's a cycle go in like Bobby

End up like Michael

I guess that it's just a vicious cycle

Go in like Bobby end up like..

It's like a cycle, ugh

I feel like Sam Zayn

My moves been making waves

Tell the writers write me a title

2 guns like Lara Croft

I look like Herman Cain

I dress like Jimmy John

Baby we gon pull you apart

Real estate in your skin

I'll break A hateful heart

I know these cracker a&r's

Think I'm ala-cart

They want me Kevin James

Bitch pay me like Kevin Hart

Mmmmm

let's the kids crown me king for this art

I can't behave myself

It's like a cycle
Heard Peggy selling out
He got a whip a house
I guess it's just a vicious cycle
Go in like Bobby
End up like Michael
Then don't come around

They playing with my name
Young Peggy bring the pain
I click a bitch
I'm adam Sandler
Bringing major Payne
Damien Wayne
I'm the prodigal son
Forced my way in the game
I coulda reached for the pub
And ended up like acclaim
I got booked for Coachella
Enemies can't say the same
I been beefing with bums
I should find healthier game
I skin a fucking rapper
Perfect pelt bogus chain

Nigga pretend to be Peggy
But can't master the range
These boys be **** on twitter
And think they bringing change
I think they full of shit
Some people feel the same
Some people need a hero
My niggas need a bane

[no child left behind]

Ooo like baby
Fresh out the womb
No towel
I'm so feeble
I'm evil
Don't treat me like no child babe

All My Heroes Are Cornballs

Produced by JPEGMAFIA

Vocals by JPEGMAFIA

Written by JPEGMAFIA

Arrangement by JPEGMAFIA

All Instruments played by JPEGMAFIA

Mixed by JPEGMAFIA

Mastered by JPEGMAFIA

—

[boys]

Aww Nigga, Nigga, Nigga

I'm staying

Aww Nigga, Nigga I'm just playing

Playing playing playing

Yea!

Walked in the crib with the gloc 19 and the dirty clip

Snuck up in Coachella with the bong little buddy I ain't jaden Smith

Hermit nigga of course

I'm flagrant

I couldn't keep no job

I can't commit

Hate goes into these bars

Some niggas ain't built for it

I made rap my job it's sacred

You don't wanna get them guns involved

Cuz your wifey gon' be calling the law

Boys

[gnarly]

[heroes]

Damn guess who had a big year

No whips

No chains

Just a few tears

Pop filter

Bump it

And you get the stocking
when I hit the stage
I hope that my Enemies watching
Damn... I wonder when they dropping
And why these wiggas only show u up when niggas be popping
Bruh...
Don't turn yourself into to a target
Cause we can take this shit from beef to something exhausting
Gloc 43x with the sticky holster
Pistol whip em I can't waste no bullet on no poser
Incels getting crossed
Cuz I crossed over
How they go from Ann Hathaway
To Ann Coulter
All that shooting in the airs is for posers
Fast break we jamming it nigga no floaters
Lames getting bolder
Straps on the shoulder
They gon have to get the chap to console you

Everybody wanna act like they hard as shit.
But just stop

[the meal is gon b large]

BBW

(Black Brian Wilson)

Produced by JPEGMAFIA

Vocals by JPEGMAFIA

Written by JPEGMAFIA

Arrangement by JPEGMAFIA

All Instruments played by JPEGMAFIA

Mixed by JPEGMAFIA

Mastered by JPEGMAFIA

Additional adlibs by Refined Sugar & Young Emoji

—

Its stupid

But I will perservere

Rap and prison

I know these basement dwellers

Need a villain

How ya living

It's young Peggy

Without no pot to piss in

Heartthrob

We pack pistols we make

Your heart stop

Grab chest meet god

Rather go out the martr way

Still can't belive I'm getting paid off this art today

I'm the medicine man

Keep a zip in my hand

I do work on the stage

I still feel like fan

When I pass

I hope everything

I did matter to u baby

If it didn't

Man fuck it

When my body fridgid

All this music gon keep Peggy living
It's the young black Brian Wilson
Smile at these crackers that want me dead
Fire helmets won't protect your head
Don't get sent to Jesus filled with lead little nigga

PRONE

Produced by JPEGMAFIA
Vocals by JPEGMAFIA
Written by JPEGMAFIA
Arrangement by JPEGMAFIA
Drumming by JPEGMAFIA
Mixed by JPEGMAFIA
Mastered by JPEGMAFIA
Additional vocals by Young Emoji

—

[prone]

Since you be alone
Catch this heat alone
Fuck Yo niggas Holmes
They gon' be alone
P94
Leave that nigga prone

Now u wanna start
Big shit nigga now u wanna bark
Get the things
Let It spark
Peg lord should of died in the aughts
Yea
I ain't gotta talk
When I see him
I'ma send him to the lord
One click we gon empty his cart
Plant feet take charge

We can't find you at your job
We gon be at home
Heard that nigga up and coming
We gon put him on
I ain't even gon try to conceal the chrome
Let's get it on
Now get him gone
Bullet hit his neck and his backbone

...filters no stock in
One shot turn Steve Brannon into Steve hawking

Since u be alone
Catch this heat alone
Fuck yo niggas homes
They gon be alone
P94
Leave the nigga prone

[somebody likes me!]

Its the ocean
And the trees
And the birds
And the bears
Damn
OMG

Got somebody
She's a beauty
a beauty

Very special
Really and truly
And truly..

Lifes Hard, Here's A Song About Sorrel

Produced by JPEGMAFIA

Vocals by JPEGMAFIA

Written by JPEGMAFIA

Arrangement by JPEGMAFIA

Mixed by JPEGMAFIA

Mastered by JPEGMAFIA

—

Switch the quarter to the XLR
I ain't even got no time for it baby
I want you all to myself
Even if I gotta rhyme for it
It's not important to the world
Drink it when I want to
Sip it when I want to baby
Sorrel
I feel

Thot Tactics

Produced by JPEGMAFIA

Vocals by JPEGMAFIA

Written by JPEGMAFIA

Arrangement by JPEGMAFIA

All Instruments played by JPEGMAFIA

Mixed by JPEGMAFIA

Mastered by JPEGMAFIA

Additional adlibs by Young Emoji

—

I wanna rock yo world

I wanna be your girl

You wanna take me out

Yay yay

Take me out

Huh!

They wanna take my down

They never take my crown

Bitch No

Hate?

Never

Bitch where

Bruh put keyboard down

Get the Mac out

Black out make a motherfucker back out

back out

Gs up freeze up when I Put it down

I'm pulling up on this pussy And I'm pulling out

Rock bottom when I put it down

You it those clowns

Switch your pitch when I hit the mound

Rap niggas think they so profound

Got em looking up at who they under now

I ain't underground

Bitch I'm over who you under now

Sucka

Hope you had the time of your life
Cuz it's over for you when I come around

Thot tactics
Yo shit don't bump
You is not proactive
Sneak dissin'
That is not attractive
I'm in slump but I'm bouncing back bitch bitch
Crash whips like burnout pussy Nigga how u end up caught in traffic
Chrome ratchet case basket
With white shooters like the old Mavericks
its real

I wanna rock yo world
I wanna be your girl
You wanna take me out
Yay yay
Take me out
Huh!
They wanna take my down
They never take my crown
Bitch No
I cant compete
I'm gonna do you like ***
Did me
No apologies

Free The Frail (feat. Helena Deland)

Produced by JPEGMAFIA

Vocals by JPEGMAFIA & Helena Deland

Additional vocals by Young Emoji

Arrangement by JPEGMAFIA

Written by JPEGMAFIA

All Instruments played by JPEGMAFIA

Outro Written by Helena Deland

Mixed by JPEGMAFIA

Mastered by JPEGMAFIA

—

[peggy x helena]

If it's good then it's good break it down that shit out of my hands

[peggy]

I feel annoyed

I'm feeling strange

I feel the gains

I fill a void

Im still a roach

Im doing shows

I feel employed

Even though I'm koi

And u know that boi

I still feel the same

I feel afraid

This easy A

Im feeling framed

I wear a mask

I see the Banes

I feel ashamed

Even though the aim

Is crazy mane

Feel like I'm losing hoping

I'm on the web
I net the gross
I see the growth
I feel engaged
I'm in the game
Don't need a coach

But I really do
Naw I really don't

I just been in my head
I'm getting fried
I'm on the side
I'm Kevin fed
I played with fire
I can't retire
I need the bread
Stat

[peggy]
Don't rely on the strength of my image
Hey
If its good then its good
break it down
that shit is out of my hands

[peggy]
I used to spin that bass to Michael prophet
I used to think you wasn't popping till you had a stalker
I'm not no alpha male
I'm Carly Rae u Braden walker
Look
99 ain't a stack babe
Say it 2x feel like Casanova
Y'all be praying to jehova
I be praying to hova
I Never whip or sold the Yola
Still sold out the nova

& that's real to

[helena]

[peggy]

Don't rely on the strength of my image

Hey

If its good then its good

break it down

that shit is out of my hands

[helena]

Such a cool chord change

[peggy]

Don't rely on the strength of mine

Mine

If its good then its good

break it down

that shit is out of my hands

[helena]

Quick sand's too thick to stand

Go on and figure out now what it is that you need

I'll step out for a minute to breath

One set of footsteps in the sand but I'm not being carried

If it gets out of hand you can go on without me

Post Verified Lifestyle

Produced by JPEGMAFIA

Vocals by JPEGMAFIA

Written by JPEGMAFIA

Arrangement by JPEGMAFIA

All Instruments played by JPEGMAFIA

Mixed by JPEGMAFIA

Mastered by JPEGMAFIA

Additional vocals by Young Emoji

—

[intro]

I'm feeling like fucking you up

I still got the sig in the truck

I'm treating this bitch like a cuck

Blldddddd

Mac! Loading it up!

Hit your neck and your back and your front

Circle round and send you to the sun

I don't hide from you bums

I survived thru the slums

When u die they'll adjust

Fuck it I'm breaking you off

Bitch I came back with the hi point

Cuz I know that you soft

Never let em catch me slipping

Keep my eyes wide like Kate Moss

[tears of a thot]

Let's get it!

You know when you get put on the spot

But you don't know what to say

Is that what's happening now?

Don't worry about it

You'll be ok

It's just something I grew up on

We playing with pencils for fun?

[outro]

We playing with pistols for fun
Momma said don't rely on no gun
That's why I'm fading you bums
Labels say that I'm fatal to fund
When I die
I want all my enemies
To take a sigh and say RIP
And everyone that I don't fuck with all of sudden start fucking with me
Incredible
Took an edible and thought my keyboard muttered to me
Oh u think you up and coming G?
Naw up and comings really think they me
Bitch I'm Beanie Sigel
Mixed with Beatles
with a dash a DOOM and 98 Degrees
So fuck my PO I won't take a plea
I Bungie jumped into my destiny
Post verified
Cuz these niggas really think a handle could handle me
It's the young Black Ali G
Falling off before I catch a fee
Hit the mueller
Let me down with ease baby

How you gonna turn me on?

[beyonce in the pit]

BasicBitchTearGas

Produced by JPEGMAFIA

Vocals by JPEGMAFIA

Written by Kevin Briggs, Kandi Burruss, Tameka Cottle & Lisa Lopes

Arrangement by JPEGMAFIA

All Instruments played by JPEGMAFIA

Mixed by JPEGMAFIA

Mastered by JPEGMAFIA

—

A scrub is a guy that thinks he's fly
And also known as a busta (busta)
Always talkin' about what he wants
And just sits on his broke ass
So no, I don't want your number
No, I don't want to give you mine and
No, I don't want to meet you nowhere
No, I don't want none of it...
a scrub checkin' me
But his game is kinda weak
And I know that he cannot approach me
I'm looking like class, and he's looking like trash
Can't get wit' a deadbeat ass so

I don't want no scrubs
Scrubs is a guy that can't get no love from me.
It ain't hard to see..

DOTS FREESTYLE REMIX x Make Me 🙄 (feat. Buzzy Lee & Abdu Ali)

Produced by JPEGMAFIA

Vocals by JPEGMAFIA, Buzzy Lee & Abdu Ali

Written by JPEGMAFIA

Arrangement by JPEGMAFIA

All Instruments played by JPEGMAFIA

Mixed by JPEGMAFIA

Mastered by JPEGMAFIA

—
[peggy]

I stuff a gloc in my bitch pocket

Bitch stop it

Skinny nigga

Big papi

We put the pedal to metal

I'ma Nicki Minaj it

1 deep baby

Can't top it

5'9 with a stick i look like big papi

I keep a shotti

bottom bitch will not harm me

How could I not be

Everything you copy

I killed rock

now I'm sending bullets at your zombies

You never haunt me

Niggas try to Vietnam me

But I been playing with pistols

Since you watching toonami

I'm not rapper

I'm white trash in a mocha body

Ain't no career I'm just hoping Madonna adopts me

I get it popping

Fuck rock bump poppy

I put the stock in

I'm scheming I'm not plotting

These niggas stepping to me

End up Gianna Versaced

[peggy]

Do a feature for what?

Bro

I been dying to kick it

I'm to big for my bridges

I'm to rich for these bitches

Rich in spirit

Not in wealth

Again do a feature for what

[buzzy]

And you know that I'm afraid of everything

Written like a ghost

Stuck behind the wind

And you know that I'm a fool

With the thing

Written like a ghost in the wind

[make me 🥺 w abdu]

Make me cry Nigga

BUTTERMILK MILK JESUS TYPE BEAT

Produced by JPEGMAFIA

Vocals by JPEGMAFIA

Arrangement by JPEGMAFIA

All Instruments played by JPEGMAFIA

Mixed by JPEGMAFIA

Mastered by JPEGMAFIA

—

(My country never did shit for me

Bitch I want paper not liberty

Nigga be scrapin' and selling dimes I hear em

My country never came thru for me

Sweet land of paper no pimpin me

Niggas be slanging and getting by I
feel em

Fr)



Produced by JPEGMAFIA
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Mastered by JPEGMAFIA

—

Niggas bold
Bitches shady
Records gold
Cracker pay me
Round here niggas really think shit gravy
Black m's been got since the mid 80s
Since a little baby

Heard white folks like beer
Rich young swan I'm a seer
Fuck him he is not top tier
And he never ever spit a fuckin rhyme that made me care
Big strap looking like a dildo
Looking like a creep when I kick door
Young black male with the 44

I'm a terrorist
I don't spit raps bitch
I spit rhetoric
& I be in your kids minds
Getting leverage
I hate white old Niggas
I'm prejudice
But im a take u niggas money
like a reverend
Better then me rather than you
I'ma bury it
Tryna lead these niggas to freedom peggy Harriet

Target practice on a aryan
Redneck tears
Woooo What A beverage
Dead cops on my songs that hilarious
Are u mad cuz nigga done bought a gold tooth?
Are u mad when u see me up in your Whole Foods?
Man these fake young dolphs think they bulletproof

Niggas bold
Bitches shady
Records gold
Cracker pay me
Round here niggas really think shit gravy
Black ms been got since the mid 80s

Bitch im on yo street right now
Creep up turn lights then out
Ima how u what this hype bout
I Know

Bowling for the Columbine
Heard he want the nicotine
sig up on his chin it make him move like pistol Pete
Flash the burner is his face and make him pray to me

[redacted]
Fuck with me you gon end up like Dylan RoOf Fuck with me u gon end up like steve paddock
Hunched over nigga they thought u was a hammock
these clips spit they taking out yo fam lay
We pack tools but We ain't going camping
Big cannon on me bitch I'm the young cammy
SJW's cannot fucking stand me
I can't coddle u I am not your mami
Stick in my head like I am Bambi

Ugh...

I never stick the landing
Throwing bullets at you I think I'm Peyton Manning
Gloc real ugly I call it steve Bannon
Caught him at a show and got to fucking clapping

12 pull up and I don't what happened
I'm just rapping baby 🧒